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other must become much *more* definite and distinct instead of less so,—and there is no likelihood of society in its onward march lapsing backward, so to speak, to formlessness again” (p. 120).

The discord in Mr. Carpenter’s thought seems to come from his misconception of “freedom.” Mr. Carpenter, like so many other socialists, is narrow, abstract, old-fashioned, just here. The authority of church and state is for him “artificial,” “the subjection of sex-relations to legal conventions is an intolerable bondage;” he speaks of the “true and rightful significance” of the term “free woman” as a woman’s “right to speak, dress, think, act, and above all to use her sex, as she deems best.” Pure atomism can go no farther. Mr. Carpenter’s “Free Society” is an impossible chaos. This is the more to be regretted as frequent passages of beauty, sympathy, and true insight render the book peculiarly attractive. These characteristics and the importance of its subject-matter alone justify its review in this JOURNAL.

MARY GILLILAND HUSBAND.

LONDON.

SCHOPENHAUER’S SYSTEM IN ITS PHILOSOPHICAL SIGNIFICANCE. By William Caldwell. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1896. Pp. xviii., 538.

The chief aim of this bulky volume is—not to expound or criticise Schopenhauer (though it to some extent does both), but—to connect him “with some few broad lines of philosophical and general thought, and with some few broad principles of human nature.” With all his defects (and Professor Caldwell does not lack comminatory power in naming them), Schopenhauer has the merit of affording a text and texts on which it is not difficult to hang a large amount of comment and sermon tending to emphasize conclusions which Professor Caldwell considers to be much in need of affirmation or reaffirmation in these days. Idealist philosophy, he believes, has tended to spread a view that “knowledge is an end in itself.” He therefore proposes to use Schopenhauer, as a man of light and leading, to help in “substituting a more real view of what knowledge is and does for man.” Knowledge, he reminds us, is only a part, and a small part, of a “total organic sense for reality” which—whatever it may mean—we are credited with possessing. Instead of wasting our time, therefore, on what “is a poor thing at best,” it is obviously better for us “to look at life directly and with our whole organic sensibility.” It is apparently

only another way of indicating this new road to reality, when he declares (p. 86) that if one really wishes "to understand things, one must *feel* them, must to a certain extent *be* them." Either this is playing with words, or, if it is seriously meant that we are to *be* and to *become* things, the author would have conferred a benefit on many of his readers by indicating how it was to be done. Lotze, for example, had no conception of such legerdemain.

Professor Caldwell positively revels in this style of phraseology. "To know will, you have simply to be will" (p. 399). *Simply!* alas for S. T. C. and many others if they must *be will*. Still the difficulty is not so vast as at first sight it seemed. We may take heart from the assurance that "the only explanation of life is the fact of life itself;" were not the cup of comfort dashed from our lips by the immediately subsequent dictum that "the fact of life itself is that alone which philosophy enables us in a measure to understand" (p. 519). Why philosophy should trouble itself to undertake this work of supererogation is hard to see. Yet, after all, philosophy will have matters easy. For "the most philosophical thing to do by way of understanding and characterizing life is to let life answer its own questions." Wherein, perhaps, there is a subtle wisdom, if indeed we are so fortunate as to possess the magic sympathy with the "organic or unified whole" apparently implied in the discovery that "our natural and spiritual instincts to be, and to will, and to enter into the universal life of things, contain somehow within themselves the true theory of life" (p. 492). Oh! for the divining-rod which—whether from philosophy or elsewhere—would point to the spot where that virgin ore, that refreshing fountain, lies hid, and, oh! for the excavator—philosophic or other—who will bring it to the surface!

There are many pearls in the volume, perhaps, but as they appear in it, it is hard to tell them from less precious matters. It would be a work of longer and closer texture than the conditions of human life allow to weave a consistent and valuable doctrine from Professor Caldwell's successive chapters. Schopenhauer performs for him two not wholly consistent services. One is to serve as a lay figure on which he hangs, at times with very slight excuse, a variety of not very well-defined and not altogether unambiguously expressed views of his own. The other purpose is to provide him with a theme for criticism. It is not very difficult to understand the psychological or personal genesis of the present book. Like many students of philosophy, Professor Caldwell has begun by

receiving a general and formal, almost verbal, indoctrination in the tenets of philosophy, of such a character as to cut off (and in college class-rooms it is almost necessarily cut off) from the life and experience out of which it grew, and to present it as an abstract theory. Since then opportunity has been given him to study it in a more concrete and vivid form as an actual development by an actual thinker. For such a study, Schopenhauer, starting, as he does, not from an accepted tradition like the ordinary university teacher, but from the natural mother wit and unsophisticated questionings of common humanity, has many advantages. But at the same time, such a method of approach somewhat interferes with the general perspective. It creates a false impression that our philosophic guide has alone seen the truth and corrected the mistakes of all previous philosophers. What he has really helped to rectify are *our* own imperfect conceptions. He has given what *we* hitherto lacked,—the touch with reality. But it will require approach through other thinkers also, and reiterated study of these approaches, before we can get rid of the distorting and exaggerating influences of our initiator.

It would be an almost endless and, within narrow limits, a fruitless task to point out the inconsistencies and incoherences with which Professor Caldwell's volume bristles. To write as he does of Will is waste of paper until he can make up his mind whether will means "force or impulse" (p. 36), or "acting in an intelligent manner" (p. 182). To tell us that "our conscious actions can be explained as purely reflex actions" (p. 180) is a, to say the least, paradoxical way of indicating that "there is no real and ultimate conflict between the unconscious tendencies and the conscious actions of man" (p. 203). One almost begins to suspect that for Professor Caldwell any one proposition (by the help of an *at least*) can be made equivalent to any other. "It is desirable to develop to the full all our susceptibilities; and this is expressed in Schopenhauer's idea that the proper way of approaching reality is through will" (p. 520). So it is said; but really one cannot have so mean an idea of Schopenhauer's powers of expression as to credit him with any such failure to say what he thought. It is Professor Caldwell who mixes up two very distinct things,—one is a metaphysical theory of the real as will (in Schopenhauer's sense); the other is an ethical philosophy, or a philosophy of action. What he is driving at when he says that "the ultimate meaning of things is a moral meaning" (p. 308) is not what he says, but that it is through

the fulness of human personality that we interpret and estimate reality. When we are told, therefore (p. 81), that "in impulse we know reality directly," we need not take the statement too strictly. It has yet to be paraphrased. *All* impulse does not possess this revealing power. The impulse in question must, it appears, be *real*, must be *purposive* and *ideal*, must be "*rational and harmonious*," for, as we are assured (p. 408) (and perhaps rightly), "It is only through the *moral conversion of his will* that man will be enabled even to *understand* the universe." But as to what morality is, if it is to achieve this result, we fail, I fear, to get much light either from the philosopher or from his commentator. There are many glimpses of good and true things in Professor Caldwell's pages, but they would gain infinitely in force by judicious condensation and an effort after coherence in essential principles.

W. WALLACE.

OXFORD.

STUDIES IN THE HEGELIAN DIALECTIC. By J. M. E. McTaggart, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge. Cambridge: at the University Press, 1896. Pp. xvi., 259.

To students of Hegel's philosophy, Mr. McTaggart's work needs no recommendation. It is a critical estimate of the nature, validity, and general result of that peculiar process of passing from one idea to another which has come to be commonly known as Hegel's Dialectic Method. And it is, in English at least, the first complete and direct attempt to form such an estimate. Its definiteness and hard-headedness well represent what we might expect to be the characteristic contribution of the Cambridge mind to English idealism. The point on which Mr. McTaggart is undoubtedly successful is his account of the change of method in the dialectic progression, and his explanation of the motive force of the process as "the discrepancy between the concrete and perfect idea implicitly in our minds, and the abstract and imperfect idea explicitly in our minds."

When we come, however, to a further contention in the same context, viz., that the presence of negation in the dialectic is a mere accident, we are in presence of something more doubtful. Mr. McTaggart's whole position begins to dawn upon us. Though he defends Hegel on the whole against Trendelenburg, Seth, and the criticisms implied in Mr. Balfour's stand-point, we are inclined to suspect that something of their spirit has entered into him. We